

Life



SEPTEMBER 18, 1924

Food for Thought

PRICE 15 CENTS



HAUGHTY YOUNG LADY (to her dog): DOESN'T IT BEAT ALL, GIN-GIN, HOW CARELESS
MEN CAN BE ABOUT SOME THINGS?

[Listerine used as a mouth wash quickly overcomes Halitosis (unpleasant breath)]

Hupmobile



Counter Shaft Gear: Drop-forged, chrome nickel steel, double heat-treated. Not only is the construction unusually heavy, but the gear is mounted on two special roller bearings. This practice—contrary to the cheaper practice of using simply a case-hardened gear of low-carbon steel and mounting it on plain bushings—eliminates the trouble and cost of replacement so common with the other design.

Invisible Car-Costs Mean Low Owner-Costs

Comparisons are not always odious. Often they are very illuminating and provide a just and sensible way to make a discriminating and economical purchase.

That is one of the reasons why the Hupmobile mechanical parts display is proving such a valuable guide to buyers.

Facts That Turn Spotlight on all Cars

Step into your nearest Hupmobile salesroom. Instead of hearing glittering generalities about values, and reassuring words about quality, you'll find spread before your eyes the naked facts—

Hupmobile parts, themselves, vital information about Hupmobile

engineering, construction, material and workmanship.

In studying these facts you get many revealing side lights on all cars, whether priced above or below Hupmobile.

If you don't know the difference between a piston pin and a cotter pin, these simple lessons in the why and wherefore of invisible costs are meant especially for you. No mechanical knowledge whatsoever is needed to understand them.

Then when you go shopping for an automobile you will know some of the reasons why one car costs more than another—and why one car is necessarily better than another.

When you have finished studying a Hupmobile parts display you will

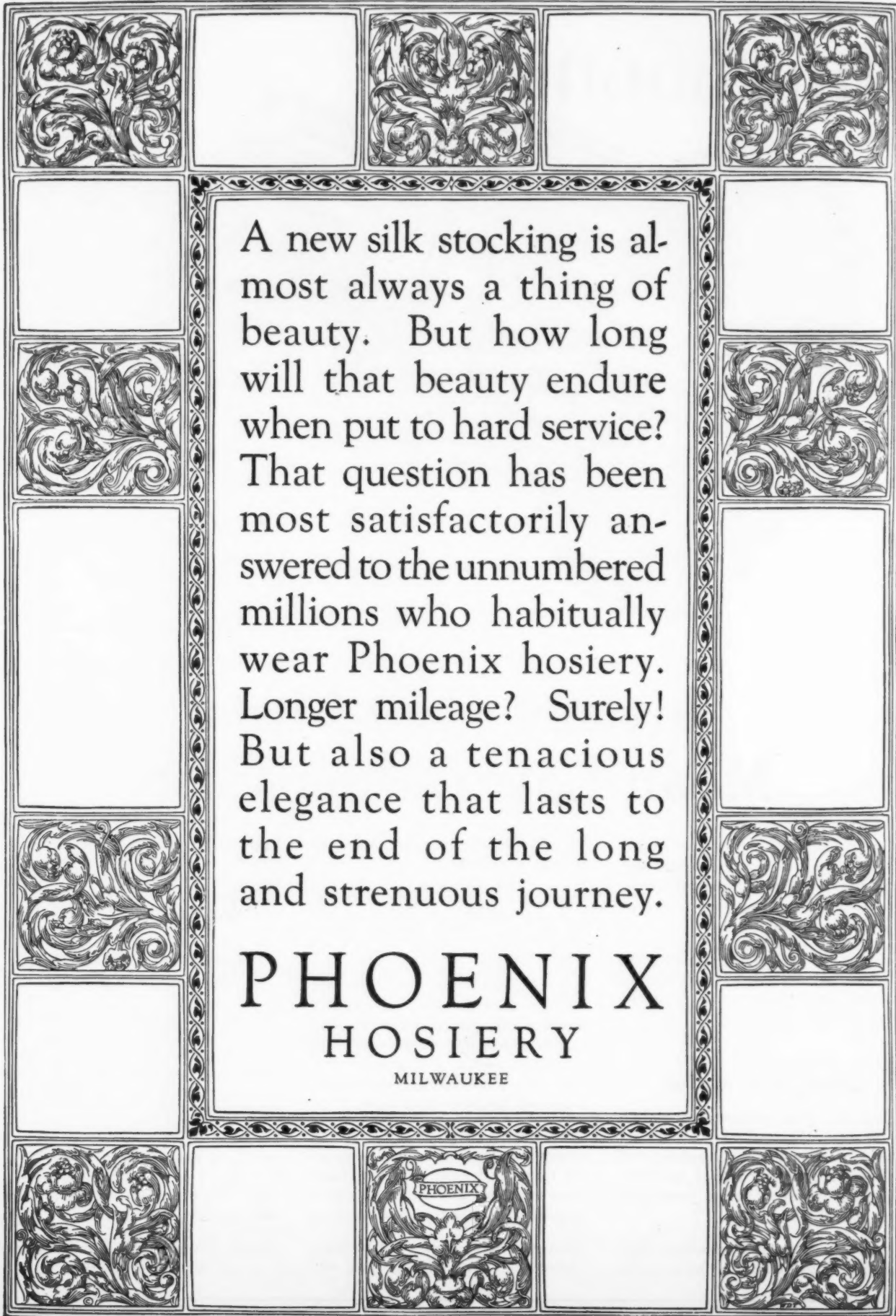
have a new understanding of Hup quality—that quality which is a guarantee of untroubled motoring, of longer life, of lower operating and maintenance costs.

Knowing What Your Money Will Bring

You will know that if you pay less you cannot reasonably expect the same high quality and the same economical service—that in many instances you will not get such quality and service even by paying more.

In other words, you will realize, as you have never realized before, that from the owner's standpoint, invisible costs mean low costs and complete satisfaction.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan



A new silk stocking is almost always a thing of beauty. But how long will that beauty endure when put to hard service? That question has been most satisfactorily answered to the unnumbered millions who habitually wear Phoenix hosiery. Longer mileage? Surely! But also a tenacious elegance that lasts to the end of the long and strenuous journey.

PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE



Life

Ballade of a Complete Flop

SAD the matter of which I speak,
Deep the trouble of which I sigh.
To the heavens my woes I shriek,—
I'd just love to sit down and cry.
Though I hate to admit it, my
Batting av'rage is less than fair.
Generous gentlemen pass me by,—
All that they give me is the air.

Rich man, beggarman, merchant, sheik,
Actor, congressman, human fly,
Argentinean, Czech, and Greek
Give and give, till the well runs dry,
Gifts of elderly Scotch and rye,
Gifts of jewels and orchids rare
To a more competent Lorelei,—
All that they give me is the air.

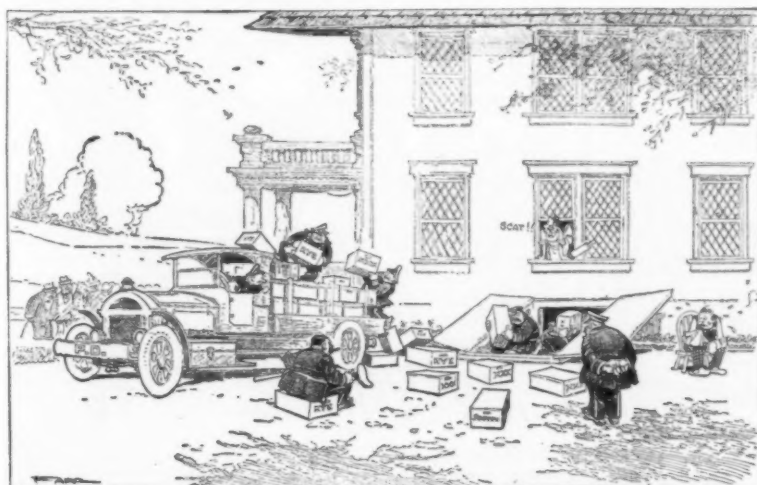
What's the matter with my technique?
I can't fathom, or even try.
I'm intelligent, fond, and weak,—
Why don't I get a regular guy?
Just for others, the goose hangs high;
All love's tokens that form my share
May be placed in a pig's left eye,—
All that they give me is the air.

L'Envoi:

Princes, tell me the reason why.
What's the trouble, and how, and where?
When did Santa Claus go and die?
All that they give me is the air.

Dorothy Parker.

SUCCESSFUL bankers formerly began life as barefoot boys; now they begin as caddies.



WHEN A CELLAR NEEDS A FRIEND



She: HERE'S A SCIENTIST WHO SAYS THAT HUMAN LIFE ON THIS PLANET BEGAN ABOUT 600,000 YEARS AGO.

He: IN THAT CASE, MY DEAR, IT IS PROBABLY TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

Fable

ONCE there was a young man who was very independent and a young girl who was very resolute. So when they became engaged, they said: "We don't give a hang what anybody thinks; we don't give a hang what anybody says. This is entirely our affair. We are going to be married by a magistrate and no one is going to be present except the necessary witnesses; we are going to some unheard-of place like Iceland on our honeymoon; we are going to live in the house we ourselves select, and if you want to give us presents they must be cash, because we are going to surround ourselves with things that we ourselves choose."

And everybody said that they were right and commended them for their bold stand.

And so they were married in church and had a wedding-breakfast for eighty-odd people, and they went off to Niagara and the Thousand Islands with a list of places to stop at agreed upon by his Uncle Max and her Uncle Tom; and they came home to the darlingest little apartment which his mother had found for them, all nicely furnished except for the radio set, which it had been decided they should be allowed to select for themselves.

Bertram Bloch.

The Voice with the Grin

SUBSCRIBER: Say, operator, you gave me the right number the first time I asked for it.

OPERATOR: Excuse it, please.



A BOLD AND ADVENTUROUS MAN DECIDES TO PUSH THE OTHER END OF A BOX WHICH SAYS "PUSH THIS END."

The Party Line

"FOLKS are sayin' that Pole over on th' Swampville Ridge must be makin' moonshine. He wuz into th' County Clerk's office last week to pay his taxes before he even got notice they wuz overdue...."

"Th' Widow Klemp's hair is gettin' lighter an' she tells me it's from goin' out in th' sun without a hat on. Well, I dunno, but it's only changed sincet she come back from th' city an' folks even wear their hats indoors there...."

"Ed Thoms' crops is so good folks is beginnin' to wonder what color oil stocks he'll buy this time...."

"I dunno what's comin' over th' country when Marvin's Store is showin' a line of radio supplies in th' window an' they don't have a decent hoe in stock that you can give a child fer a birthday present...."

"I'd ask you over to hear th' radio concert, only I got some wash hung out to dry on th' aerial...."

J. K. M.

Wary

RASTUS: Don't be 'fraid of mah dawg. His bark is wuss'n his bite.

SAM: Yas, but Ah ain't heerd his growl yet.

THERE was a time when the office really sought the man, but 1924 is leap year.

The Complete Candidate

<i>As He Looks to His Party</i>	<i>As He Really Is</i>	<i>As He Looks to His Opponents</i>
WISE, prudent.....	Silent.....	Evasive, dumb.
Frank, honest, outspoken.....	Talkative....	A demagogue.
A strong character.....	Wilful.....	An enemy of democracy.
A public servant.....	Pliable.....	A tool, a vote-grabber.
A promising genius.....	Young.....	An ignorant greenhorn.
A man of experience.....	Old.....	Second childhood.
A traitor to his party.....	Honest.....	Crazy.

W. L. Werner.

The Lesson

JOSEPH CONRAD was a great man, a great writer, and a great philosopher.

Already, innumerable critical estimates of his worth are upon us. His style, his mastery of atmosphere, and his knowledge of his fellow man have been recognized and magnanimously commended. Yet above and beyond all these trifles, we learn from a careful perusal of the estimates, lie Conrad's true magnitude and value for us to-day. His life stands as a great lesson to the world!

A lesson that, if he be possessed of sufficient high purpose and perseverance, a foreigner can learn English.

Gardner Rea.

Bobbed Romance

FRANK: Well, how long did Peggy's latest husband last?

HELEN: Oh, about three permanent waves.



Wife: I'M GOING TO HAVE TRUFFLES.

"FORGET THE FASHIONS AND LET'S GET SOME OF THESE WRINKLES OUT OF OUR STOMACHS."

What Makes Hay Fever So Terrible

"DON'T you do anything for it?"
 "Is it worse in the morning, or at night?"
 "How long do you have it?"
 "Have you tried Pike's Peak for it?"
 "Are you sure it's really hay fever?"
 "Why don't you do something for it?"
 "It makes you feel miserable, doesn't it?"
 "Why don't you try sniffing camphor?"
 "I knew a man who had it, but he cured himself. I think it was with raw onions."
 "Is it worse in hot weather?"
 "It makes your nose red, doesn't it?"
 "Can you sleep when you have it?"
 "Does it come from goldenrod or ragweed?"
 "It's just like rose fever, isn't it? Or is it rose fever?"
 "Why don't you go to a doctor?"
 "Is it worse in the morn—I asked you that, didn't I?"
 "Don't you do anything for it?"

Henry William Hanemann.

Our Twentieth Century Auto-Vocabulary

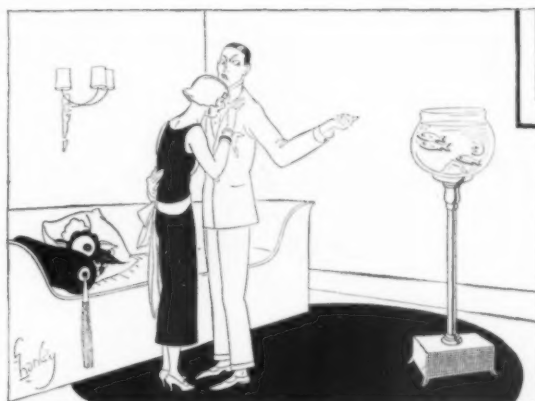
A JAZZ MOSQUE—Gasoline-filling station; you know the kind.

The Autonobility—The Four Hundred of the roads.

Stop!—This is an abbreviation for the information that a hot dog is just ahead.

The History of Our Country—"Five Miles from Here Is Somewhere-Else."

Olga Owens.



HER BASHFUL FIANCÉ WOULD LIKE THE GOLDFISH REMOVED

It Might Be Desirable

"YES," said old Mr. Brantwood, "next month is our golden wedding anniversary. All the children are going to gather at our eldest son's house to celebrate it, and," he added naïvely, "they want my wife and me to come, too."

An irate crossword-puzzle enthusiast angrily threw the dictionary in the corner. Crushed against the wall, its last words were zoöatomy, zouave, zymology.



"I NOTICE THE LION-TAMER DON'T TEASE THE FAT LADY ANY MORE."

"NO; HE'S AFRAID OF HER DOG."



If Movie Actors Require Music to Accompany Them
in Their Work, Why Not—



—THE FARMERS—

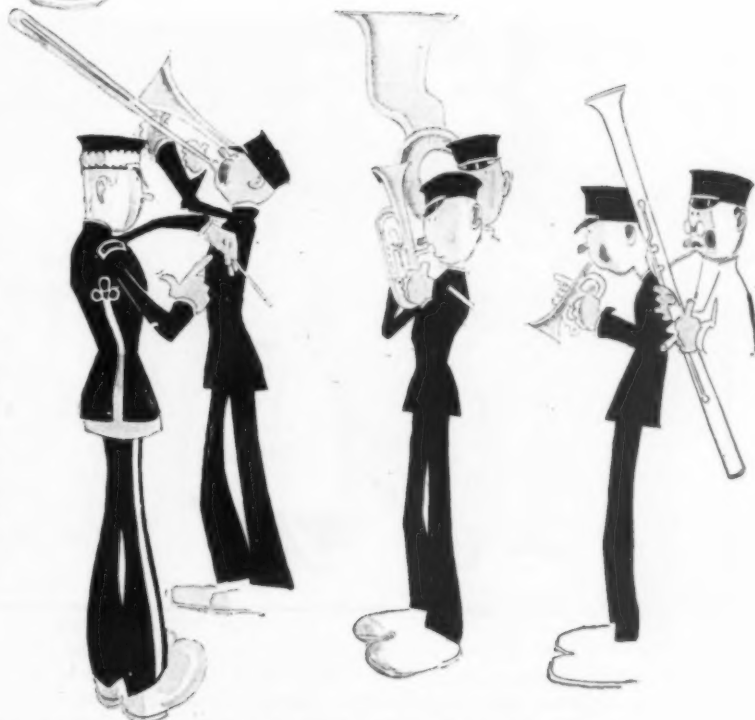


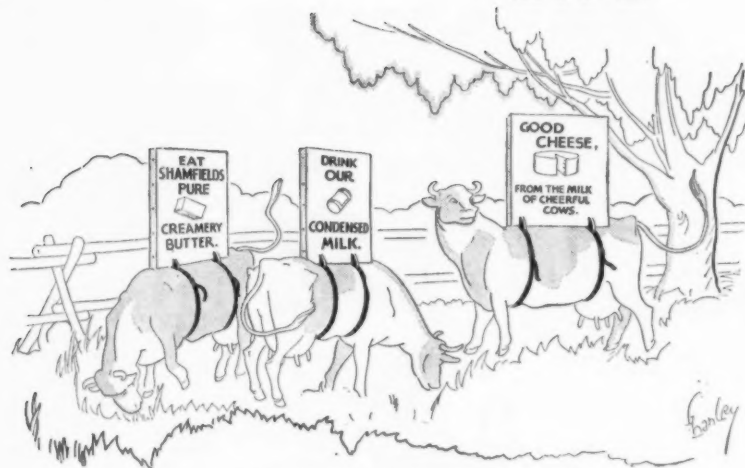
—AND THE HUNDRED PER CENT.
BUSINESS MEN—

—AND THE STREET
CLEANERS—



—AND, ABOVE ALL, THOSE INDUSTRIOUS HOME BUILDERS, THE BRICKLAYERS?





ADVERTISING AT THE SOURCE

The Skeptic

WHY does the man who refuses to believe that movie actors get the salaries they say they do—

That chicken salad in restaurants and hotels has any chicken in it—

That any whisky he gets to-day is genuinely old—

That all the girls in the chorus are under twenty—

That any politician is honest—

That pure food is actually pure—

Why, I ask, when his employees give him a loving cup on the twentieth anniversary of the founding of his business, does he believe them when they say that they are giving it because they love him?

B. B.

CALLER: Is your boss busy?

OFFICE BOY: Whatcher want to see him about—golf, booze, or business?

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-seven years. In that time it has expended \$271,448.33 and has given a fortnight in the country to 45,925 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Ave., New York City.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$18,785.66
F. B. Wallace, Idaho.....	50.00
S. D. Howland, Trumansburg, N. Y.	11.00
Mrs. N. B. Hersloff, West Orange, N. J.	20.00
Mrs. Ross H. Skillern, Ardmore, Pa.	10.00
N. T. Saunders, Shanghai, China.	10.00
Jno. H. Ware, Jr., Lancaster, Pa.	100.00
Memory of Warren Ellis, Monson, Mass.	100.00
"Peter" Barry, Cape Cod, Mass.	10.00
Leonie A. Danforth, Lake George, N. Y.	5.00
In memory of D. A. D., Aug. 7, 1922, Trail Creek, Mont.	5.00
Florence H. Mathews, White Plains, N. Y.	25.00
Maude L. Marston, Ventnor, N. J.	11.00
Geo. F. Atlee, Philadelphia.	25.00
In memory of Louise Varnum, Newport, R. I.	15.00
In memory of Ruth, Kenelm and Alice, Duluth, Minn.	11.00
In memory of A. M., New York.	25.00
William H. Walker, Flushing, N. Y.	25.00
In memory of Amos, Longmeadow, Mass.	5.00
Mary Warren Gale, Troy, N. Y.	10.00
Anonymous, Hartsdale, N. Y.	50.00
Collected at Sunday Morning Service at Camp Riverdale, Long Lake, N. Y.	18.30
Mrs. Nelson Doubleday, Oyster Bay, N. Y.	100.00
Alice B. Scudder, Yakima, Wash.	2.00
Miss H. F. W., Auburn, N. Y.	10.00

(Continued on page 29)



TO WHOM WILL SHE TURN?

As Produced by the Following All-Star Cast: JOHN W. DAVIS, THE COURTEOUS WELL-TO-DO YOUNG MAN OF THE VILLAGE. MISS FEMININE VOTE, WHOSE HEART AND HAND ARE MUCH SOUGHT AFTER (HER FIRST LEADING RÔLE). ROBERT LA FOLLETTE, HER HARD-WORKING, ABUSED BUT HONEST ADMIRER. CALVIN COOLIDGE, THE PERFECTLY RESPECTABLE YOUNG MAN OF THE VILLAGE, KNOWN FOR HIS "HOMELY VIRTUES."



"OO—PAPA! NANCY JOYCE'S TEETH ARE COMING UP!"

DEFINITION of a vacuum—the conversation between a golf fiend who doesn't play bridge and a bridge fiend who doesn't play golf.

SPEAKING of the home for disabled saxophone players, we are willing to subscribe if some one will only disable them.

These Americans

The Detrouiter

HE favors a new definition of treason to include failing to own an automobile.

He knows how to take the claims of that Ohio town across the lake to being the sixth city.

He knows how to pronounce Hamtramck.

He knows that no motor cars are actually made of tin.

He knows many people cross the river to Canada every day on other business.

McC. H.



"WELL, HEPSEY, I'VE SOLD TH' HOUSE. THEY'RE A-GOIN' T' BEGIN TEARIN' OF IT DOWN NEXT WEEK."

"MY, MY, HIR'M, I'LL NEVER IN TH' WIDE WORLD GIT IT CLEANED IN TIME!"
"TCH! TCH!"

No Need for Alienists

DEFENDANT (to his lawyer): Can a man turn state's evidence on himself?

LAWYER: Yes, and probably get acquitted. That would be considered evidence of insanity.

IT appears that Moses, who insisted on only ten commandments, was the father of all Scofflaws.

A Woman's Viewpoint

A MAN, to women, I contend,
Is useful only as a friend.

A woman to a woman—she
Is useful as an enemy.

A man to other men, mayhap,
Is useful as a good old chap;
A woman to a man—to him
She is whatever suits her whim!

Carolyn Wells.

By Way of Mitigation

MIGHTY CASEY had struck out, and the irate fans of Mudville swarmed on the field, determined to hold a lynching bee. A bespectacled man stepped between them and their prey and raised a hand.

"One moment, gentlemen," he said. "I freely admit my client has struck—or perhaps 'stricken' would be more exact—out, but there are extenuating circumstances, a brief consideration of which will, I am sure, tend to alleviate the severity of your judgment.

"Following an intensive and extensive psychiatric study of Mr. Casey, I find that as a child he early became addicted to devouring jam in large quantities, this practice naturally leading to gastronomic disturbances and undermining the physique. In addition, he possessed an equine image of oak or some similar tough-fibred

wood, to which he referred as his 'hobby horse.'

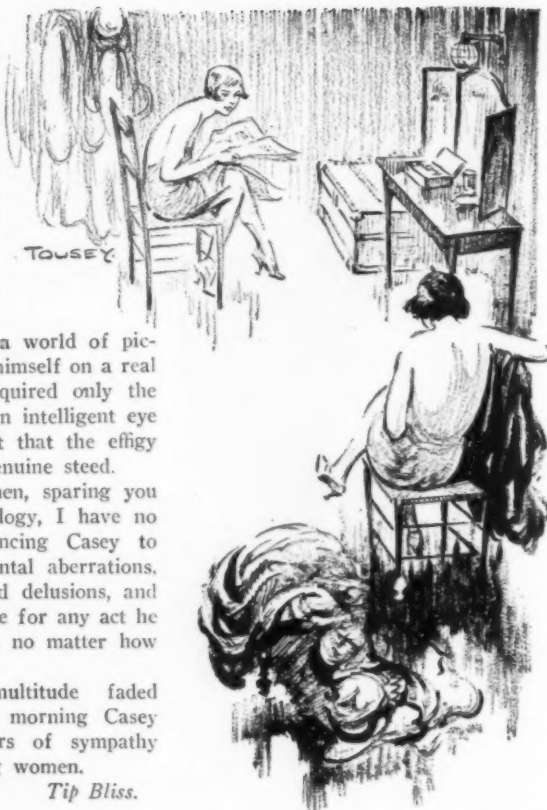
"While other youths of his age concentrated their attentions upon the study of the various degrees of gradual descent described in the parabola of a pitched, or hurled, ball, young Casey, astride this contrivance, lived in a world of picturization, imagining himself on a real horse, whereas it required only the merest glance from an intelligent eye to determine the fact that the effigy was in no sense a genuine steed.

"Therefore, gentlemen, sparing you the technical terminology, I have no hesitation in pronouncing Casey to be the victim of mental aberrations, youthful fantasies and delusions, and in no sense responsible for any act he may have committed, no matter how reprehensible."

Impressed, the multitude faded away, and the next morning Casey received 12,468 letters of sympathy from admiring young women.

Tip Bliss.

HUNTER: Were you ever shot at?
GUIDE: Yes, but I flatter myself it was always by mistake.



"HELEN AND BERT AREN'T SUCH GOOD FRIENDS AS THEY WERE."
"WERE THEY?"



The Large Girl: WHERE WILL YOU SIT, DEAR?
The Diminutive Lover: ANYWHERE IN YOUR LAP YOU WOULD LIKE ME TO, DARLING.

Think How Differently Things Would Have Turned Out—

IF Lucrezia Borgia had been a bootlegger.

If Paul Revere had kept union hours.

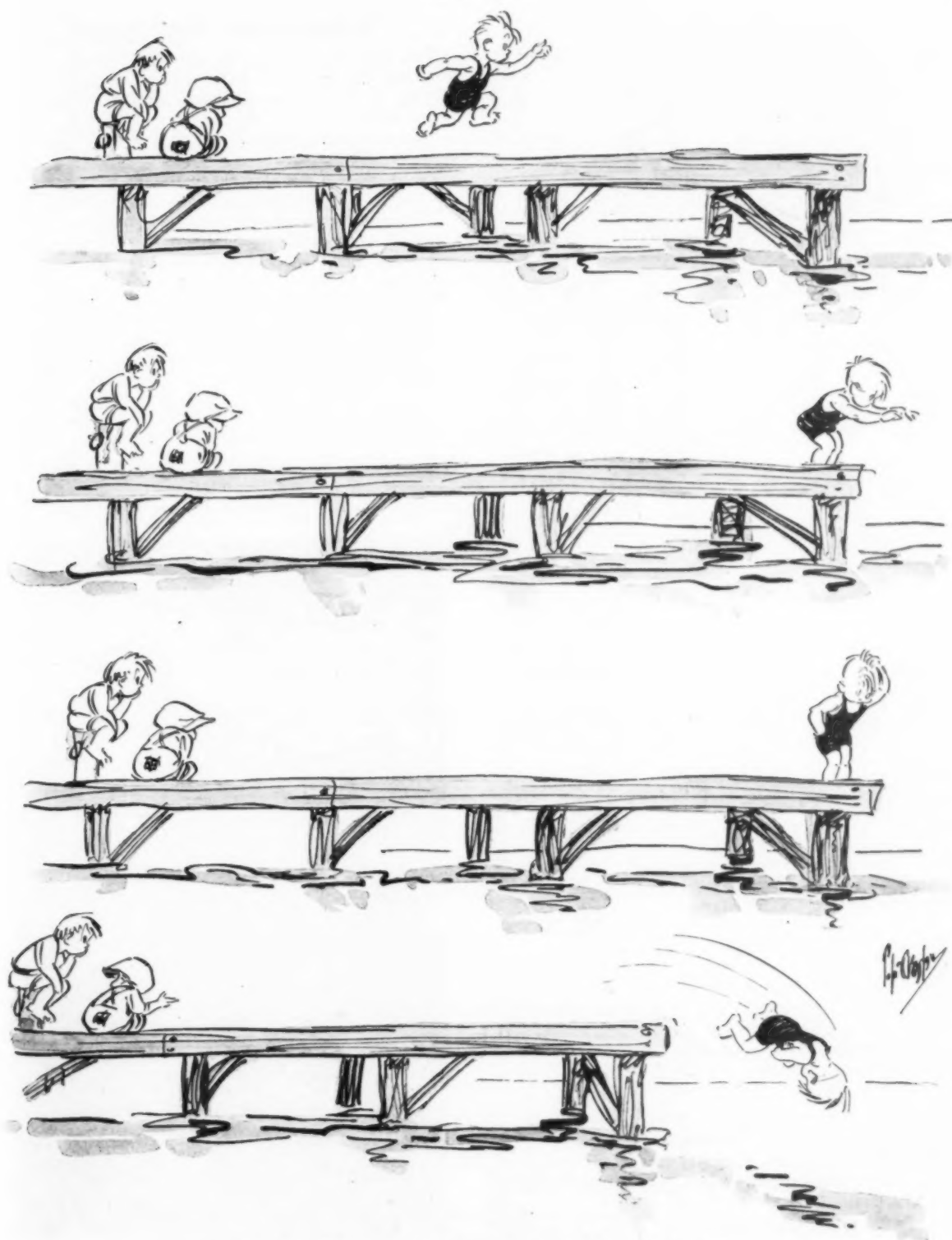
If Noah had been intercepted by customs when he attempted to land his livestock after the Flood.

If William Tell had had eyes like Ben Turpin's.

If Cleopatra had gone into a convent.

If it had been a cocoanut instead of an apple that dropped on Isaac Newton's head.

REVISED Quotation — 'Tis better to have loved and lost than merely to have lost.



"WHY DIDN'T SKIPPY DIVE WITH HIS HANDS OVER HIS HEAD?"
"YEH, AND MAYBE GET 'EM BUSTED—WHEN HE DON'T KNOW IF IT'S ROCK BOTTOM OR NOT!"



SONG TO A LADY GOLFER

"OH! DON'T YOU REMEMBER, SWEET ALICE?"

The New-Voes Are So Up-to-Date

THE New-Voes are so up-to-date.
 In fact, they're a little ahead of the times.
 They always know the latest thing.
 And, what's more, they don't keep it a secret.
 Whether it's a dance step, a catch phrase, or a cocktail,
 they know it, if it's new.
 And they know it well.
 Moreover, they always wear the latest thing.
 Even though it doesn't suit them in the least.
 If it's the latest thing, they'll have it on.
 And it's often apt to be a little later than the latest.
 You're sure to see them at the latest restaurant, and
 they're sure to order the very latest dishes.
 Of course, all their dinners are extremely late.
 And most of their guests are late, too.
 Furthermore, they have bought stacks of the latest
 antique furniture, and no end of very late first editions.
 The New-Voes are so up-to-date.
 In fact, they're a little ahead of the times.

C. G. S.

Affliction

BROWN: Isn't Blanks a painless dentist?
 SMYTHE: I assure you he isn't. He tells that old one
 about Pat and Mike.

THERE is one solace for pedestrians: they are re-
 sponsible for a lot of cauliflower fenders.

"Liberty—but Not License"

FOR years and years I had been puzzled by that phrase
 of patriotic orators, "Liberty—but not License."

Then an innocent-looking friend gave me a dog. I got
 a dog license.

Having a dog, I decided to go on a hunting trip. I got
 a hunting license.

On the chase, I met a buxom rural lass. I got a marriage
 license.

We bought an auto—and an auto license.

The lass turned out to be the possessor of expensive
 tastes, and finally she left me flat and bulging out on the
 wrong side of the ledger. I got a beggar's license.

After a few months of begging, I hope to get enough
 to buy a pushcart and a peddler's license.

Meanwhile, I understand what it's all about. Every night
 I repeat my little precept, "Liberty—but no more License!"

W. L. Werner.

The Test

MRS. NEWLYWED (*in tears*): Boo-hoo! I don't be-
 lieve you love me any more.

HUBBY: Certainly I do. Didn't I kiss your aunt?



His Wife: HUMPH! SKEERED O' LIGHTNIN'! AN'
 YOU A PERFESSIONAL ELECTRICIAN, TOO!

If Kipling Were a Newspaper Reporter

"SAY, friend, what's all the shootin' for?" asked Simp-on-Parade.

"The Prince of Wales is coming here," the Cub Reporter said.

"An' what's he comin' over for?" asked Simp-on-Parade.

"A pleasure tour; a pleasure tour," the Cub Reporter said.

"His butler's packed his toothbrush and his fifty pairs of boots;

He's only bringin' thirty hats and eighty-seven suits,
For he's coming quite informal for the autumn bison
shoots

And he's leaving for Long Island in the morning."

"Why all the motorcycle cops?" asked Simp-on-Parade.

"To keep him quite incognito," the Cub Reporter said.

"And why the sixteen aides-de-camp?" asked Simp-on-Parade.

"To help him dodge publicity," the Cub Reporter said.

"For he's making just a personal and unofficial call
Which has not the least connection with the ongtong
cor-jeeawl

(Or any other reason they may hand you for a stall)

And he's leaving for Long Island in the morning."

Baron Ireland.

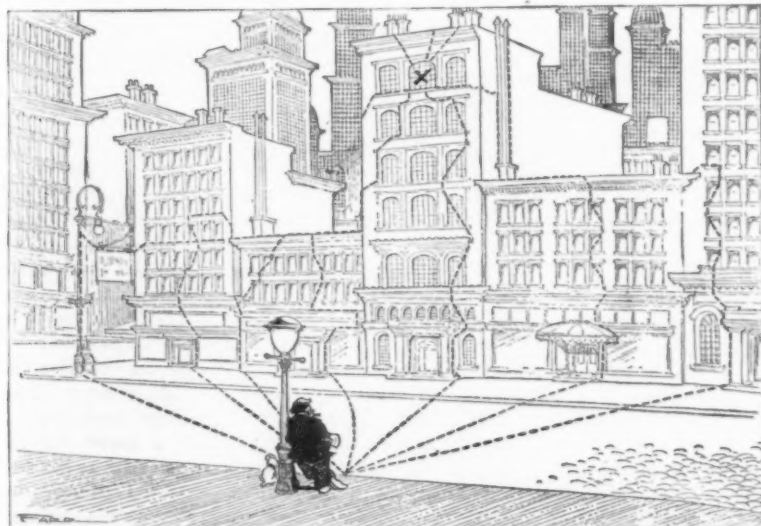
Fixing the Blame

BETTY: How long have you and Daddy been married?

MOTHER: Ten years, darling.

"You two haven't very good lawyers, have you?"

STUDY of Latin is becoming more popular in the schools and colleges, teachers report. The pupils are evidently beginning to realize its value in solving the Sunday crossword puzzles.



PICTURE OF AN AMBITIOUS CRACKSMAN FORMULATING A MENTAL ROAD MAP TO HIS NEXT OBJECTIVE.



"WILLIE, WHY ARE YOU FEEDING THE CAT BIRDSEED?"

"I'M NOT FEEDING THE CAT; I'M FEEDING THE CANARY."

Mnemonics Unmasked

AFTER the system has been explained one no longer wonders how that man ever managed to remember Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle. It is all so simple; almost too simple.

The secret is association of ideas.

One meets Mr. Sims and at once casts about for a word to associate with his name. A vapid face, one notes. It comes instantly. Why, "simp," of course. So simple. Then he mentions that his daughter was married a short while before. The association is obvious: Add-i-son. That prefixes him.

Seattle? It's too easy; one simply thinks of Tacoma.

Or telephone numbers, always so difficult for the uninitiate. Streets place them, or sizes.

For example, a telephone number is "Main eighty-two, ninety-seven." No difficulty at all remembering it. One merely thinks: "Eighty-third Street and Ninety-sixth Street—subtract one and add one."

One must never think of Eighty-second Street and Ninety-seventh Street in the first place. That would not be mnemonics; it would be mere memory.

An objection sometimes made against this method is that one may live in a town where street numbers do not run so high. The solution is simple: move to a larger city.

The system itself is almost infallible. All one has to do is to remember whatever it is one associated mentally with whatever it was one determined to remember.

James K. McGuinness.

LIFE isn't all beer and skittles, to be sure. Few of us have touched a genuine, pre-war skittle for years.



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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NOT an international horse race, a piping hot day, nor the prevalence of the Prince of Wales on Long Island was able entirely on Labor Day to divert attention from the candidates. The race was a good one, and a horse from Kentucky won it. The Prince survived an enormous amount of attention and the candidates all made speeches.

Mr. Coolidge announced that he was for a common-sense government by all the people, according to the American policy and under the American Constitution. That seems a safe declaration. The commentators will doubtless disclose what he means by it according to the sentiment of the voters they minister to. He also pointed out that American wage-earners are living better than at any time in our history, which may be true, but he did not compute in what measure they are living off the farmers. "By restrictive immigration," he said, "by adequate protection, I want to prevent America from producing cheap men."

Mr. La Follette declared that the prices paid by the American people today for coal, food, lights, clothing and everything which goes to warm, house, feed and shelter the human family are fixed by great corporate combinations of wealth. "Every intelligent man and woman," he said, "knew that was true." It is an impressive remark and in a sense it is true, just as it is true that the temperature on any given day is fixed by the thermometer. No doubt corporate combinations of wealth make prices, but when wheat went up the other day it was not because corporate combinations elevated it, but because of crop conditions. If the corporate combinations can get a high tariff on necessities, as usually they can when the

Republicans are in power, that to be sure forces the prices up for them. Undoubtedly there was some punch in what Mr. La Follette said.

Mr. Davis came out for the Child Labor Amendment, also for freedom of speech, freedom of assembly, freedom of labor and freedom of religious belief and practice. He made interesting specifications on this subject. All the items he mentioned meant something and his mention of them hit something.

Colonel Hearst has been taking a poll of voters in all the cities in which he has newspapers. He has polled about 25,000 of them. Of those whom he had reached on September 1, Coolidge had 11,190; Davis 3,443; La Follette 10,625. That is interesting but only moderately so, because one cannot tell how representative such a poll may be. If one accepts it as representative at all, it will be helpful to Mr. Davis in informing him where the voters are that he needs to get.



ONE encouraging sign in Mr. Davis' campaigning is that he has managed to hurt the feelings of a lot of respectable Republicans by the way he has been talking about their party and even about their candidate. They expected better things of him. Indeed they seem to have expected him to be a model campaigner, a chocolate éclair in politics. Now behold, he has gone and put pepper in his tarts! They are disappointed in him. They say Mr. Davis is a gentleman. They never expected such observations from him as he has made.

These are the same excellent people who hailed the nomination of Charley Bryan as fatal to the Democratic Party.

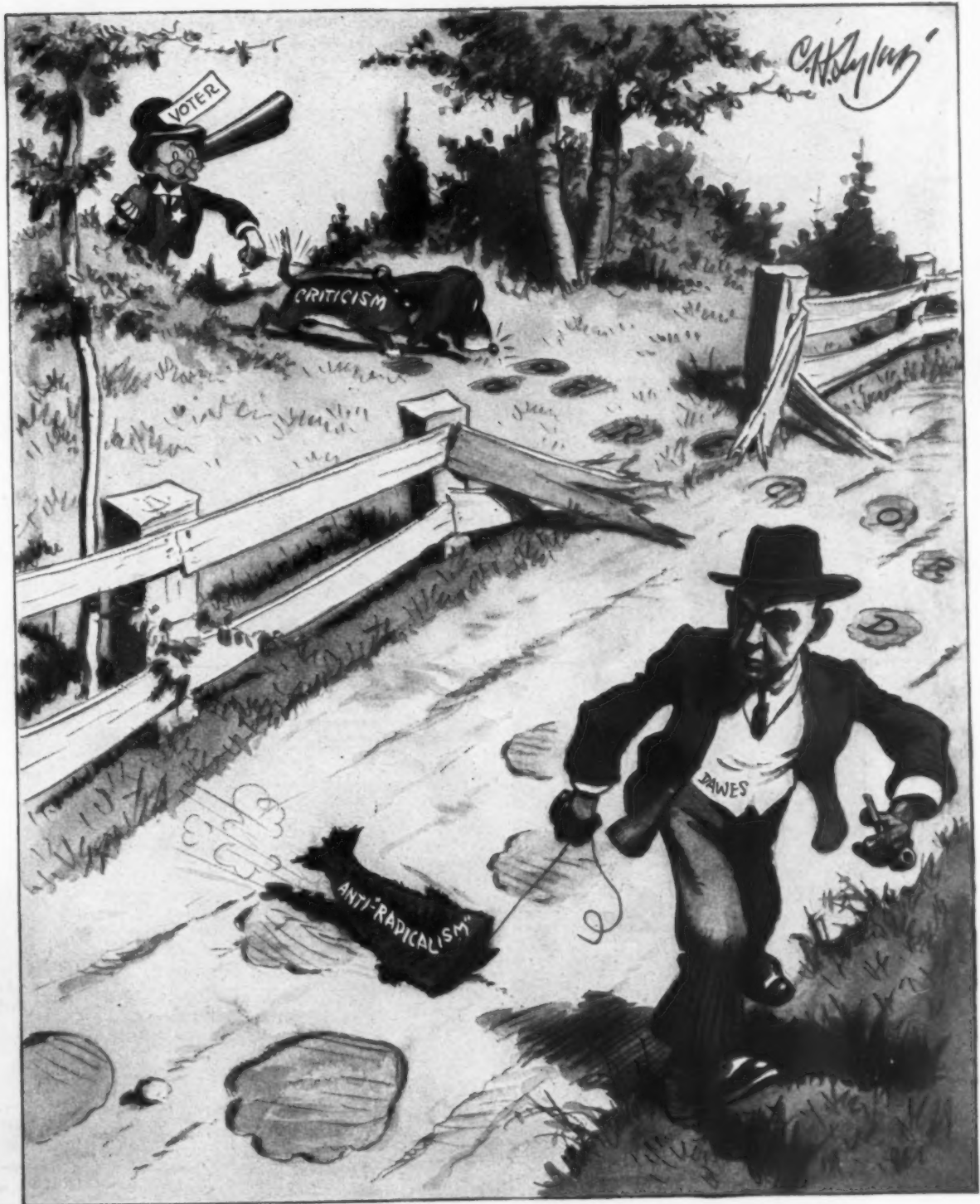
On no account could they ever approve a Democratic ticket that had a Bryan on it!

Of course not! But the very obvious truth is that no Democratic ticket which they did approve would have had a ghost of a chance of winning. The habitual Republicans are all for Coolidge anyhow.

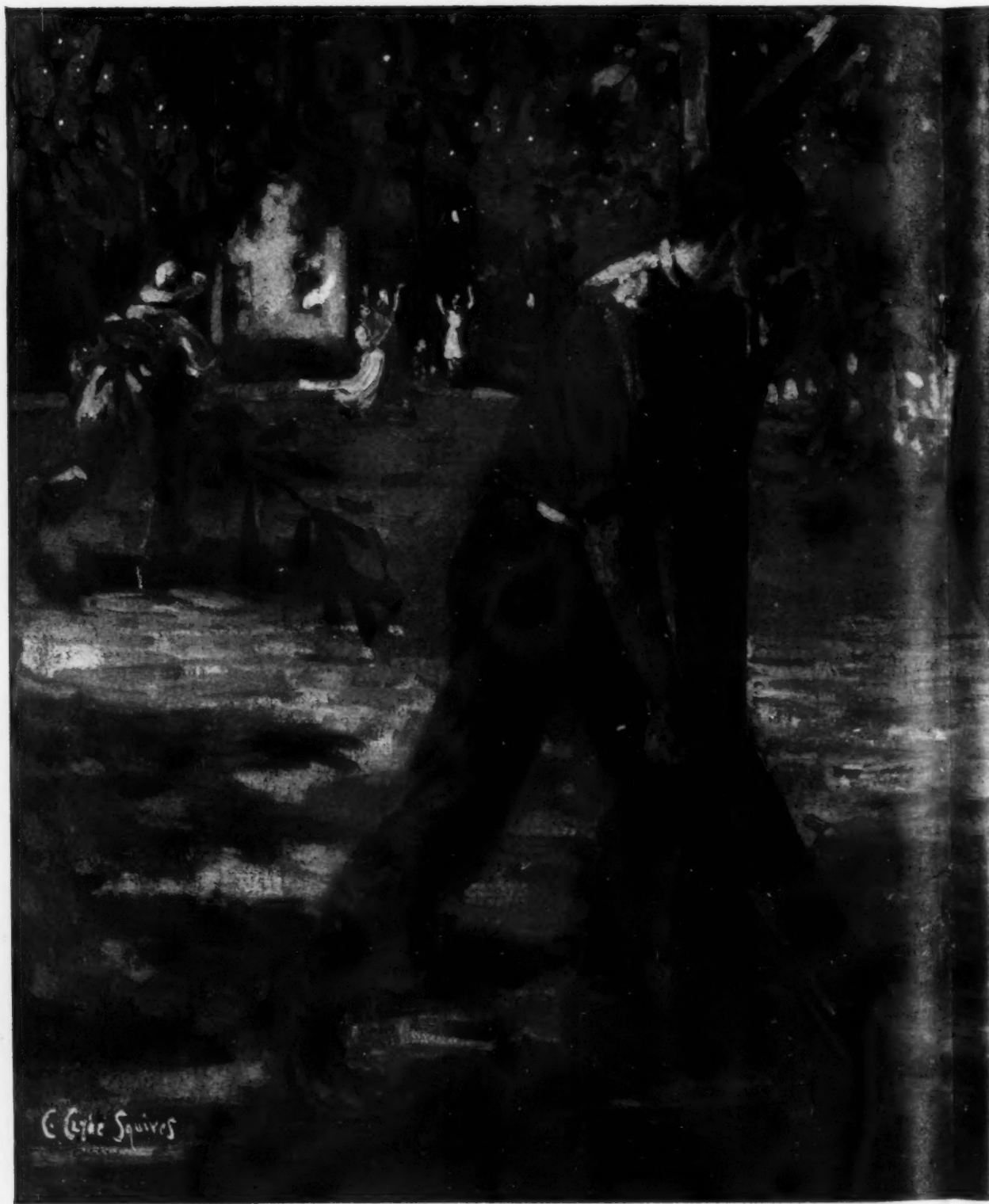
As against the criticisms of Mr. Bryan the Democrats have been trying to picture General Dawes as the fatality of the Coolidge ticket. They find a good deal of fault with what he said in his Augusta speech about the Ku Klux. But it was not bad. General Dawes is not bad, and it is doubtful if the Republicans could have done any better. And Brother Charles Bryan came out on the whole pretty well in his Defense Day foray. People who want to vote for Mr. Davis are not going to be deterred because of his companion on the ticket, nor yet folks who vote for Mr. Coolidge, and probably not even folks who vote for Mr. La Follette, for indeed Mr. Wheeler is a lively speaker.



MR. LA FOLLETTE'S proposal is to make the whole United States another Wisconsin, with the laws like the laws of that State and conditions of life corresponding. It is better in some ways than if he proposed to make our country all Kansas, but how much better is it? He is satisfied with the way they tax the railroads in Wisconsin. One of the things he promises to do, if elected, is to "place men at the head of the departments who will vigorously enforce every law in the land, especially anti-trust laws and anti-liquor laws." Well, how is it in Milwaukee? Milwaukee is a city in this ideal State. Are the anti-liquor laws successfully enforced in that city? In the late war Milwaukee had views considerably its own and not in close accord with the views of the rest of the country. Perhaps Senator La Follette thinks that in that respect it was a model for us. Indeed he approved the view as heartily as was safe or more so, but when he invites his backers to take Wisconsin as a pattern for the United States, it may be that not all of them will be pleased with the prospect. E. S. Martin.



THE RED HERRING



"Mazie, It's Your P

LIFE ·



s Your Pap s House!"



As You Were

THE War has been taken up socially again by the dramatists, after several seasons of ostracism. It is a slightly different war from the one we knew in "Where Poppies Bloom" and "L'Elevation," an older war and a wiser one, with much of its romance and glory drained off, leaving a precipitate of that essential drama which, together with the customary number of broken lives, is about all you can ask for any war to leave behind.

"Havoc," "Nerves" and "Glory," all in one week, came into town with messages from a ten-year-old conflict varying in importance according to the temperaments of the authors. We are letting our thoughts on "Nerves" and "Glory" settle for a week before immortalizing them in type, but "Havoc" ought to be very simple to deal with on the spur of the moment.



"HAVOC" is a very simple play. Just why it has been a sensation at the Haymarket in London is hard to say, but it would be equally hard to say why it *shouldn't* have been a sensation there. It deals with several conventional figures who have often before worn uniforms when they were not drinking tea in society plays or hammering at each other in plays of the underworld. Its story is as old as the one about Ruth and What's-Her-Name, and its acting, while competent, is nothing that you will tell your grandfather about in future years as he sits on your knee.

On the other hand, "Havoc" has a story, familiar as it may be, and it tells it without hesitation. And, in the second act, it has that drama which an expert can put into old bottles so that it will warm your insides all the way down. (A metaphor which will not bear analysis, but who cares?) Furthermore, there is always a technical smoothness and facility about these un-starred English companies, a businesslike, untheatrical quality which makes a moderately good play like "Havoc" seem better than it is and an exceptionally good play like "Loyalties" seem better than any play could possibly be.



ONE thing of historical value did occur at "Havoc." We got our fill of English accent. For years we have been secretly nursing an intention to talk like an Englishman just as soon as we made enough money not to care

what our friends said. We have even practiced before a mirror in the privacy of our own room. We could get everything except the pronunciation of "don't" as if it were "derrn't," and we were never very sure of our pitch in the rising inflection.

This blind craving has quite often led us into a biased approval of any play which was done in rich English, and we were rapidly losing our integrity as a serious mentor of the drama. But the company which plays in "Havoc" has given us pause. Every member of it indulges in the inflection and intonation of his native isle to an extent which makes the lines sound as if they had been set to music. It takes on the quality of an operetta. After the first act, we found ourself talking that way in the lobby. After the second act, we were *thinking* in tonal fluctuations. And at the end of the show, we dashed across the street to the Casino just for the sound of Julius Marx's unquestionably local voice in the monotone expression of native idioms. America had won its fight.



"THE GREEN BEETLE" started out under a handicap, so far as we were concerned, by associating itself with Chinamen. A Chinaman in a play is like so much rain on a tin roof to us. He may kill people right and left center, or set fire to the scenery, and we remain unmoved. We simply don't believe him.

The reason for this anaesthesia on our part is probably due to the fact that most actors, when playing Chinamen, feel it necessary to croon like an Episcopalian rector, looking straight ahead into space and registering the wisdom of centuries by hiding their hands up their sleeves and reducing the tempo of their delivery to that of a slow-motion picture. Enough of this sort of thing, and a prominent critic not a million miles from here gets up and leaves the theatre screaming.

So we weren't moved by "The Green Beetle," but that is not saying that others, more phlegmatic than we are, might not find it pleasant.



THE Thirty-Ninth Street Theatre seems open this season to any play at all so long as it has the word "easy" in its title. First came (and went) "Easy Street." Then "The Easy Mark." Next week we would suggest "Easy Come, Easy Go."

Robert Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

All God's Chillun Got Wings. *Greenwich Village*—A Negro, his white wife, and his fate, made into a tragedy by Eugene O'Neill.

Cobra. *Longacre*—Marital infidelity has been depicted on the stage several times before, but seldom with better performances.

Dancing Mothers. *Booth*—Another version of how had the Kiddies are getting, with only Helen Hayes and a splendid ending to make it distinctive.

Glory. *Plymouth*—To be reviewed later.

The Green Beetle. *Klaw*—Reviewed in this issue.

Havoc. *Maxine Elliott's*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Miracle. *Century*—A magnificent and inspiring thing to see.

Nerves. *Comedy*—To be reviewed next week.

Rain. *Gaiety*—A return engagement of Jeanne Eagels and her triumphant sermon on sex.

Thoroughbreds. *Vanderbilt*—To be reviewed later.

White Cargo. *Daly's*—Showing in vivid fashion the effect of the tropics on the morale of a white man.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—This space will from now on be devoted to a discussion of the weather during the preceding week and a prediction for the weather of the coming week. Next year it will be given over to men's fashions. The following year to luncheon recipes. Subscribe now.

The Best People. *Lyceum*—Something they found up in the trunk in the attic, offered with much clanging of bells as new stuff.

The Easy Mark. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Expressing Willie. *Forty-Eighth St.*—A smart and amusing crack at a state of mind.

Fata Morgana. *Garrick*—A poignant tragedy of adolescent disillusionment, called a "comedy" and given vigor by Emily Stevens.

The Haunted House. *George M. Cohan's*—To be reviewed next week.

Pigs. *Little*—To be reviewed next week.

The Show-Off. *Playhouse*—If the new season brings forth a native comedy as good as this, there should be dancing in the streets.

Strange Bedfellows. *Henry Miller's*—During the political conventions this was called "So This Is Politics." With the opening of the bed season, the name was changed.

The Swan. *Empire*—Eva Le Gallienne and a splendid cast in a return engagement of last season's most distinguished and petrician comedy.

The Tantrum. *Cort*—To be reviewed later.

The Werewolf. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Wooden figures placed in compromising attitudes in the hope that they will attract attention.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Be Yourself. *Sam H. Harris*—To be reviewed next week.

Bye, Bye, Barbara. *National*—Not so good, in spite of Jack Hazzard.

Charlotte's Revue. *Times Square*—A tearful farewell to Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence and the rest of the memorable English company who have shown us what a revue should be.

The Chocolate Dandies. *Colonial*—To be reviewed later.

The Dream Girl. *Ambassador*—Fay Bainter and Victor Herbert's music as factors in a show which left us pretty cold.

Grand Street Follies. *Neighborhood*—Proving that a revue can be aimed above the waist and still be entertaining.

I'll Say She Is. *Casino*—A laughing show if there ever was one, thanks to the Four Marx Brothers.

Keep Kool. *Earl Carroll*—Last weeks of a summer show which made good, with Hazel Dawn, Johnny Dooley, and Charles King.

Kid Boots. *Selwyn*—You might as well see this Eddie Cantor show now. You're the only one who hasn't.

Marjorie. *Shubert*—Good all-around musical comedy, featuring Elizabeth Hines, Andrew Tombes and "Skeet" Gallagher.

No Other Girl. *Morosco*—Helen Ford and Eddie Buzzell in a very pleasant little show with nice music.

Passing Show of 1924. *Winter Garden*—To be reviewed later.

Plain Jane. *Eltinge*—Nothing extra.

Ritz Revue. *Ritz*—To be reviewed later.

Rose Marie. *Imperial*—To be reviewed later.

Scandals of 1924. *Apollo*—Something for George White to boast about.

Stepping Stones. *Globe*—Fred Stone and family have returned from their summer vacation.

Top Hole. *Fulton*—To be reviewed later.

Vanities of 1924. *Music Box*—To be reviewed next week.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—Will Rogers and others.



"MERRIE ENGLAND"

AFTER THE CONNECTICUT YANKEE VISITED KING ARTHUR'S COURT



"UNCLE, YOUR COW'S IN YOUR CORN."
 "WELL, NOW! AIN'T THAT SPLENDID? I WON'T HAVE TO HOE IT."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

September 16th The time of the year is now at hand when our institutions of learning are making ready to open their doors, and my annual inspiration to take up some course of study is strong upon me. But Samuel laughed aloud this morning at the mention of it, and called my frequent insomnia to mind, adding, The less you know the better you sleep.... This day I did receive from Ned Peebles a small tube of cold cream which is guaranteed, when rubbed into the nose, to keep that feature from shining for several hours at a stretch, and I do pray that its virtues be not overestimated, for if not, it will be the greatest boon to my sex since the invention of the hairnet.

September 17th Lay late, pondering the folly of my ways, having eaten unwisely last night and brought on thereby a slight return of my stomach malady. Lord! I should be old enough now to have learned that in any battle with nature, the challenger is defeated before he

begins. It is also just as well not to get it into one's head that the trained nurse does not know whereof she speaks. Forced to pull myself together in order to receive Lucy Harmon for luncheon, and it was all I could do to
 (Continued on page 32)

Life Lines

THERE'S one thing that can be said for Calvin Coolidge: he doesn't speak out of turn.

—JL

"I'm through with men," declared Peggy Joyce. Taking heart, the Prince of Wales visited America.

—JL

China is threatened with a new civil war. What ever did happen to Civil Wars Nos. 289-334, inclusive?

—JL

Probably the most anonymous figure in this country to-day is the man who is running for Governor of Texas on the Republican ticket.

—JL

"Ma" Ferguson, at least, was not afraid to wash the Klan's dirty linen in public.

—JL

Reports are that New York is to have another picture paper, called the *Daily Truth*. Well, they're all stranger than fiction.

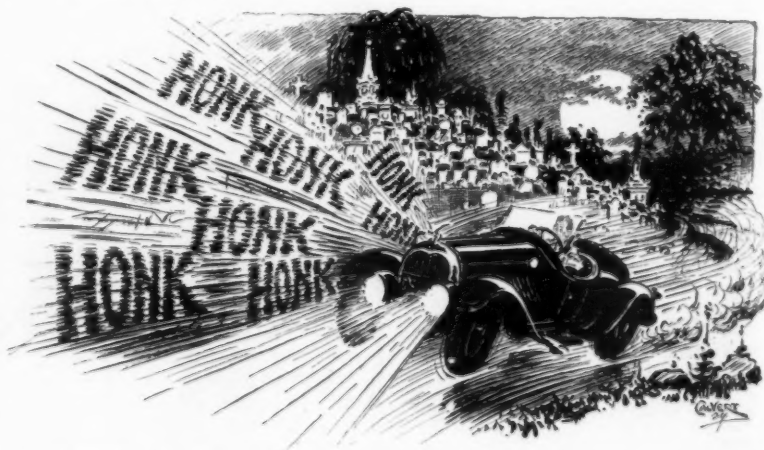
—JL

A Baptist minister in Montana, sermonizing against Evolution, exhibited a monkey from his pulpit and drew his conclusions therefrom.

One shouldn't be too critical of such practices. Our parsons have to do something to keep the boys and girls off the golf links.

—JL

Astronomers say the Martians, if there are any, are 2,000,000 years ahead of us in intelligence. In that case, the Mah Jong craze died out there 1,999,999 years ago.



WHEN HE WAS A BOY HE ALWAYS WHISTLED WHEN HE WENT BY A GRAVEYARD AT NIGHT.



THE MORNING AFTER

"WHO SAID TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE?"

Overheard at the Moron Club

"ISN'T it great news about the failure of the Canadian wheat crop, and the drought in Russia? Guess our farmers will change their minds about voting for that Bolshevik, La Follette, when they see the price of wheat going up."

"Sure, and the sugar-beet crop in Russia and some other sections is a partial failure, so people will pay

more for their sugar. Everybody, except a hundred million consumers, is glad to see prices go up. Now we'll have a boom that'll make the voters forget there ever was an oil well."

W. G.

MANY a woman when she writes a check draws on her imagination.

The Business Primer

I

THE TIR-ED BUS-I-NESS MAN

THE Tir-ed Bus-i-ness Man ob-serve,
A rest-ing of his op-tic nerve;
What makes him tir-ed? should you ask,
To an-swer would be quite a task:
The show per-haps, the jokes he hears,
The cast with naught a-bove the ears;
If he could pass all of these by,
He might be gay as you or I.

II

THE PUSH BUT-TON

Be-hold, I pray, this lit-tle thing,
Used for to make a buz-zer ring.
All lost would be ex-ec-u-tives,
With-out the ser-vice that it gives;
When "Of-fice Boy" you press it for,
The Typ-ist comes in through the door,
And when for "Typ-ist" you would call,
It's odd, but no one comes at all!

A. C. M. Azoy, Jr.

Irreconcilable

ETHEL: So you've fallen out with Philip?

BETH: Yes; we couldn't agree on a color for our cigarette tips.



THE FINE ART OF REPARTEE

"'N' HE SEZ TO ME, 'WOT'S THE PRINCE OF WALES TO YOU, DEARIE?'—'N' I SEZ TO HIM, 'HE'S AT least KIND 'N' GENTLE-MANLY'—'N' HE SHUT UP LIKE A CLAM."

A S F O R S N A K E S



Snakes are long and low and limber



and as lazy as you please.



they are free from gout and bunions



and the dreaded hip disease.

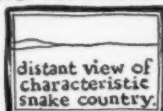


they have shirts of colored finger-

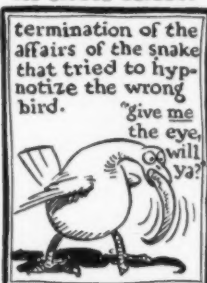


nails arranged in wild designs.

Their tongues are split.
Their brows are low.



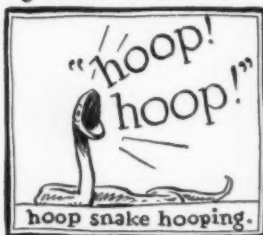
They're rakish in their lines.



Neither shoulder-blades nor ankles



have that skin you love to touch.



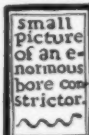
Rheumatism in their knuckles



really doesn't hurt them much.



Snakes are clammy, slick and twisty.



Some just hiss. Some also rattle.



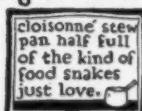
Some are smallish-like, but others



size up well, I'm here to tattle.



They will never sing in winter;



and they gulp their food so fast

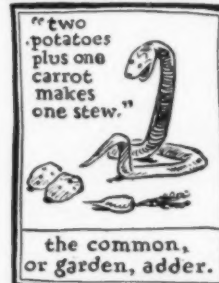
that it lumps up their tummies.



They eat birdies when they dast.

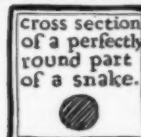


Getting well from some snake bites is

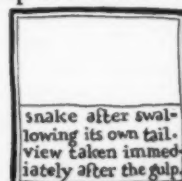


the common, or garden, adder.

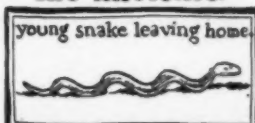
just a matter of endurance;



and again a nip from some will



liquidate your life insurance.



Romance

YOU said you'd treasure every word I wrote,
And in some scented sanctuary hide
Each tender missive; every hurried note.
You kept your pledge—that cannot be denied.

Yet now, dear, I am ready to regret
Such grave devotion as you made endure.
My letters were not worth it—though, my pet.
They'll help your breach-of-promise suit, I'm sure.

J. K. M.

The Acid Test

MR. BODKIN is giving an applicant for a stenographic position—she is young and pretty—an intelligence test recently devised by Mr. Bodkin's very efficient efficiency expert. . . . Mr. Bodkin is forty-eight, quite bald, with enormous ears and a scraggly mustache which even a sparrow would disdain to rob for its nest. . . . The personal appearance of Mr. Bodkin is very important and should be kept carefully in mind. . . . Mr. Bodkin has asked the applicant a whole series of questions and she has yet to answer one correctly. He comes to the last two questions.

MR. BODKIN (hopefully): Now here's one you ought to be able to answer. Is Naples the name of a motorcycle, a disease, a song or a city?

YOUNG AND PRETTY APPLICANT (also hopefully): It—it's a disease.

MR. BODKIN (to himself): Oh, hell. (He hurries on to the last to get it over with.) Is "plebiscite" a word that has to do with medicine, politics, machinery or swimming?



"SOME AD, THAT! WHY, I REMEMBER HIM WHEN HE ONLY HAD A BUSINESS CARD."



Indignant Better Half: FINE LOTTA USE YOU ARE, HENRY GLUMP! WHY, THEY COULDN'T EVEN USE YOU T' TEST DEATH RAYS ON; NOBODY COULD TELL WHEN YOU WAS DEAD!

YOUNG AND PRETTY APPLICANT: Er—swimming.

MR. BODKIN: No!

YOUNG AND PRETTY APPLICANT: Medicine!

MR. BODKIN: No! Get out!

YOUNG AND PRETTY APPLICANT: All right, I will get out. But I'm going right to Mr. Bodkin and ask him whether I needed to have answered those silly questions.

MR. BODKIN: I am Mr. Bodkin.

YOUNG AND PRETTY APPLICANT (who has known this all the time, raising her eyes in beautifully feigned astonishment): No! Not really! Why, I was under the impression that Mr. Bodkin was a man at least forty and not at all distinguished-looking. Why, I thought I was talking to some distinguished young lawyer who gave these tests for Mr. Bodkin or some young man just out of college who was getting material for a book. I never dreamt (and so on, and so on, and so on).

(The curtain descends on Mr. Bodkin reflecting that when one is such a wonderful judge of human nature one shouldn't bother with things like intelligence tests, and the young and pretty applicant promising to begin work the first thing Monday morning.)

Bertram Bloch.

But the Woman Pays

INSTRUCTOR IN SALESMANSHIP: And remember; it is as hard to sell a package of needles as to sell an automobile.

VOICE FROM REAR OF CLASSROOM: Much harder! You sell needles to a woman!

The Prince Shops

SCENE: A men's furnishing shop, into which the Prince of Wales has wandered, possibly but not probably without equerry, aides, attendants or publicity.

THE PRINCE: I'd like a plain black bow tie, please.

THE CLERK: They ain't wearin' 'em.

THE PRINCE: Who ain't?

THE CLERK: Nobody ain't. Now, you listen t'me, young fella, an' I'll setcha right. (He goes off and returns with a handful of colored—very colored—bow ties.) Whattaya thinka these?

THE PRINCE: Bl—blooming awful!

THE CLERK: Yeah? Well, you know who wears these?

THE PRINCE: No.

THE CLERK: Prinsa Wales, that's who.

THE PRINCE: Not really!

THE CLERK: You said it. And these is what chu want, young fella. Smattera fack, you're kindavva Prinsa Wales type yaself.

THE PRINCE: Oh, do you think so?

THE CLERK: Yeah, sure. Not quite samuch as I am, frinstince, but there's a sajjestion. How many athese here ya want?

THE PRINCE: But I want a plain black bow tie, not these colored ones.

THE CLERK: Be yourself, brother. I'm letting you on to what the Prince himself wears. The Prince, get me? The Prinsa Wales.

THE PRINCE: Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David?

THE CLERK: —and not a movin' pickcha. You said it, fella. I know. Now lemme wrap these up for ya.

(Somewhat dazed, the Prince permits the clerk to do so.)

THE PRINCE: You guarantee these to be the Prince's own selection?

THE CLERK: Absolutely. Say, fella, let me tell ya something. You look like a pretty good guy, or I wouldn't slip ya this. Inside stuff—get me? Keep it under your hat.

THE PRINCE: Er—fire!

THE CLERK: Hardly a week goes by what the Prince don't write me to tip him off about changing the fashions. Which I does, see? I tip him off—the Prinsa Wales. So you can't go wrong on these ties, fella.

THE PRINCE: Oh, I see. Thank you very much.



THE CHILD THAT BROUGHT HOME THE GOODS

(Still in a daze, he takes himself off. Humming "What'll I Do?" the Clerk takes a miniature nail-file out of his vest pocket and diligently applies it to his nails.)

CURTAIN

Henry William Hanemann.

Overhead

"WHY so depressed, Brown?"

"The horrible cost of living, old chap: constant bills for materials, paint and shingling."

"What, house?"

"No. Daughters."

THERE once was an American husband who lived within his salary, but that was before it was doubled.

The Snob

ONCE upon a time there was a man who was very, very poor and who, on account of this extreme poverty, was avoided by all his neighbors. Indeed, his sole property consisted of a little mongrel puppy. However, as the years rolled by, the puppy grew to be a dog of wondrous talents and began to perform all varieties of strange and astonishing tricks. The man, accordingly, exhibited the dog upon the stage, and it was not long before the fellow had amassed a fortune. To-day he lives in the lap of luxury and cuts all his old friends.

NED: Don't you think golf teaches you self-control?

TED: No; it teaches my wife,

PIERCE- ARROW

Those who live their lives against a background of pleasant things, gracefully done, select the Pierce-Arrow Dual-Valve Six not alone for the quality of service which it renders, but also for the distinction with which it renders that service. It is obvious that such a car cannot be built except by a group of rarely skilled craftsmen, producing only a limited number of cars.

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DUAL-VALVE SIX

Open cars, \$5,250 Closed cars, \$7,000 at Buffalo



The Pierce-Arrow Dual-Valve Seven-Passenger Enclosed Drive Limousine built for A. Watson Armour, Esq. Mr. Armour chose for this car a Brewster green finish, with gray striping on body and hood. The belt is of black, the wheels gray with green striping. The upholstery in taupe affords an effective contrast.



Classical

A descendant of Harmodius was taunting Iphicrates with his low birth. "The difference between us is this," replied the latter. "My family begins with me and yours ends with you."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Study in Aplomb

NERVOUS OLD GENTLEMAN: Sir, you are sitting on my hat.

MUCH-AT-EASE VISITOR: What! Are you going, then?

—*London Evening News.*



The Rising Tide

Evening prayer of the ethnologist's little boy: "God bless Mamma and Papa, and please maintain the Nordic supremacy!"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

JUD TUNKINS says a man who bets on a horse-race has to guess on the owner, the trainer, the jockey, the horse and the feller he bets with.—*Washington Star.*



NOT SURPRISING

"STRANGE THAT EVERYBODY CAN HEAR WITH THIS RECEIVING SET EXCEPT YOUR DAUGHTER."

"NOT AT ALL—MY GIRL IS A TELEPHONE OPERATOR."

—*Buen Humor (Madrid).*

A Desert Reaction

An old hermit of the Arizona sand hills stopped a rural mail carrier with: "Got 'ary letter for me?"

"No," was the reply.

"Better have one next time you go by."

"What is your name?"

"Never mind the name, Bub, but have that letter or you won't do any more mail carryin'."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Table Manners

On the screen, a husky at a lumber-camp mess table had just pinched the new waitress on the cheek, and she had retorted by breaking a plate over his head.

"Why, Mamma!" A child's voice penetrated the darkness of the theatre. "That's no way to act at the dinner table, is it?"—*Country Gentleman.*

If every person who owns a suburban lot builds a home on it the next generation will be coming to the city for solitude.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

MAN's mastery of the elements is now complete, if nothing happens.

—*Ohio State Journal.*

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12 STYLES—50 CENTS

VAN HEUSEN
the World's Smartest COLLAR

Ask your dealer for Van Craft, a new negligee shirt with the Van Heusen Collar attached.

PHILLIPS-JONES NEW YORK



Wetzel

Established 1874

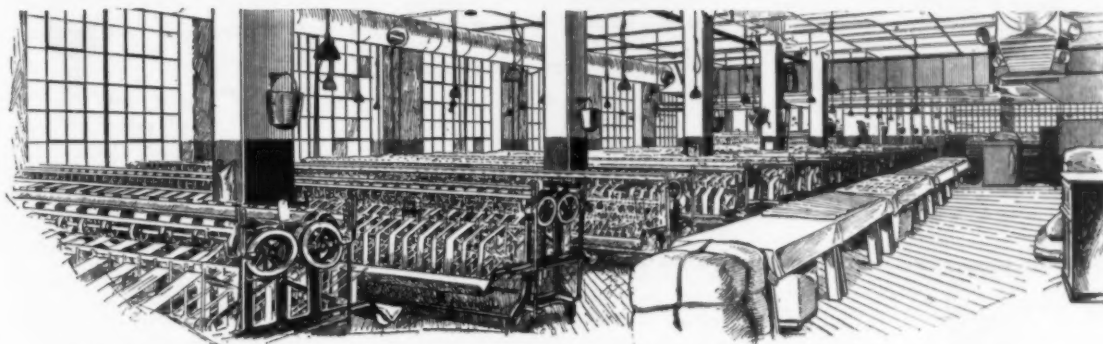
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→ Before you build a Factory or Warehouse—see Weyerhaeuser ←



INTERIOR OF MODERN TEXTILE MILL—"SEMI-MILL CONSTRUCTION"—W. E. S. Dyer, Architect and Engineer

Bringing Back Sane Economics into Industry

*A message to Business Men about
Weyerhaeuser-Ideal Industrial Construction*

MANUFACTURING progress moves swiftly in this country. It would be hard to find any factory today where plant, equipment or major methods bear much resemblance to those in use twenty-five years ago.

In the main, progress has probably made for higher production and lower costs.

Yet there is hardly a manufacturer of today who does not find his overhead costing him way beyond his reasonable hopes for economy.

NO type of factory building has ever been found so economical, dollar for dollar, as the "Mill Construction" which was the standard of American industry up to 1900.

This type of building grew out of the needs of the thrifty, frugal era of industry.

By the use of "Mill Construction," it is quite possible to save up to 15% on capital building cost.

Save up to 15% on interest charges, with a corresponding saving in taxes.

Save up to 75% on insurance charges.

In one section of this country there are hundreds of great factories built of "Mill Construction," and protected by sprinkler system against inside fires, in which the losses from fire over a recent 3-year period have averaged only 3½ cents per \$100 of insurance written.

LEST there be any misunderstanding, let us say right here that Weyerhaeuser did not originate "Mill Construction."

Nor would Weyerhaeuser be understood as urging the indiscriminate use of "Mill Construction."

In fact, one of the functions of the Weyerhaeuser Expert Construction Engineer is to advise against the use of "Mill Construction" when it is not suited to the purpose of the building.

As part of its program of service to American industry, Weyerhaeuser has made the most authoritative study of this type of building in recent years—and perhaps ever.

Capital investment—taxes—interest charges—depreciation—design—structural efficiency—flexibility of interior division—fire safety—insurance rates—and many more things.

Furthermore, since "Mill Construction" depends first of all on adequate supply of great fine timbers, Weyerhaeuser supplemented the above investigation by a survey of its timber resources and distributing facilities in relation to "Mill Construction" needs.

The Douglas Fir Mills of the Weyerhaeuser organization are producing

selected timbers of the finest possible wood for this purpose.

Through the Weyerhaeuser distributing plants in the heart of Eastern and Mid-Western markets, these timbers are laid down quickly and economically in all the principal industrial sections of this country.

THE Weyerhaeuser Expert Construction Engineer is available for consultation with the Industrial Man, his Building Engineer and his Architect.

His services are purely consultative, and rendered without charge—a characteristic Weyerhaeuser personal contribution to greater efficiency in the employment of America's lumber resources.

Responsible members of industrial concerns are also invited to send for complimentary copies of the Weyerhaeuser books—"Industrial Buildings," written for the Business Man, and "Structural Timbers of Douglas Fir," a book for the Building Engineer, Architect, and Purchasing Agent.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS SAINT PAUL • MINNESOTA



Producers for industry of pattern and flash lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.

Also producers of Idaho Red Cedar poles for telephone and electric transmission lines.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 2694 University Ave., St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.

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Milton Sills in
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Tully's "Flowing
Gold"



UNUSUAL SHIRTS

Choice fabrics, skilled tailoring, good looks and excellent fit make Patrick shirts, unusual.

Made of rich Flannels and genuine Broadcloths — different weights in checks, plaids and solid colors. Cut coat style, have "set in" sleeves and sateen-faced collars.

Look and fit like custom built. A shirt your friends will envy.



QUALITY SWEATERS

Patrick Quality begins with quality yarns noted for their life and springiness. It shows in their style and make and fit, in ample size, in hand-looped seams and hand-worked button holes.

The Patrick green and black label insures it.

At high class dealers everywhere. Send for interesting Shirt and Sweater Booklets. (Address Desk 12).

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Makers of both Cloth and Garment

"PURE NORTHERN WOOL"
from sheep that thrive in the snow"

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Embarrassment of Riches

A cobbler was an ardent lottery fan. He soled and pegged for extra money to invest in tickets. After a while he drew the grand prize of \$10,000. At once he sold his tools, took down his sign, and unceremoniously left town with his winnings in his pockets.

Several years passed, and he was almost forgotten in his native town, when one day he appeared, forlorn and discouraged. To the curious townspeople he had nothing to say about his experiences. He bought some new tools, put up his sign over the old shop and began to cobbler again.

But the gambling instinct was still strong. He could not resist the lottery tickets. After a few months, he was again the winner of the grand prize. He looked mournfully at his winning ticket and groaned:

"Good Lord! Have I got to go through all that again?"—*Metropolitan*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

And After?

The subject of text finding was being discussed by two clergymen in regard to addresses to married couples at wedding services.

"Do you have a text as a rule?" asked one of the other.

"No; I never have had one," was the reply, "but I know what I should choose if I did have one. It comes from Psalm 72, verse 7—'Abundance of peace, so long as the moon endureth.'"

—*London Morning Post*.

Mitigating Circumstances

MAGISTRATE (to witness): Your conduct is most reprehensible. You knew this poor creature was being done to death at your door, and you never stirred to prevent it!

WITNESS: You must consider the weather, sir. The rain was 'eavy, an' there wasn't a rumbrella in the 'ouse.

—*Bulletin (Sydney)*.

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters on half Grape Fruit, a delightful breakfast tonic. Sample bitters by mail, 2¢ cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

The Right Word

"Did you see Mis' Johnsing with 'at pink parasite?"

"Pink parasite? Go on, man. You means parable."

"Parable nothin'. 'At's what you jump out of a balloon wif."—*Akron Times*.

Man's Intuition

WIFE: Dearest, would you like to be sweet—really, really sweet?

HUSBAND: A dress or a hat?

—*Sans-Gêne (Paris)*.

"DICE of an ancient age have been dug up in Africa."—*News Item*.

Prehistoric bones.—*Toronto Telegram*.



Leaves you feeling fine

Every shave with Williams leaves your face glove-smooth and pliant. The oftener you shave, the more you need its help. And you'll like the way Williams softens the beard! Large size tube 35c; double size tube 50c, containing twice as much cream.

Williams Shaving Cream

With the Hinge-Cap you can't lose



ENTERPRISE

Youth (to foreman of works): YOU 'AVEN'T GOT A JOB GOING, 'AVE YOU? I WOULDN'T DO, WOULD I?

—*Humorist (London)*.



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Makes trousers hang straight
If Legs Bend In or Out
Self-adjustable
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\$9.50. All smokers may ask for free literature.

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LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

(Continued from page 8)

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Lovell, St. Albans, N. Y.	\$10.00
"A Friend," Chautauqua, N. Y.	6.00
M. S. Lovejoy, Schenectady, N. Y.	50.00
Mrs. James Hartner, Springfield, Vt.	10.00
A. O. and M. S. F., Shandaken, N. Y.	20.00
The M's, Chelsea, Mass.	10.00
Anonymous	1.00
Proceeds from a lemonade stand conducted by the Crandall and Cornell children, Detroit, Mich.	2.00
Mrs. J. E. Thiel, Rockford, Ill.	1.00
L. F., Lake P. O., Idaho	25.00
Wells Fargo Ostrander, Seattle, Wash.	25.00
E. S. Groves, Allerton, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. G. H. B., New York	3.00
Mr. and Mrs. George L. Stebbins, Seal Harbor, Me.	10.00
"In memory of C. S." on his birthday, Washington, D. C.	10.00
Anonymous, New Haven, Conn.	10.00
Edward F. Cole, Yonkers, N. Y.	25.00
From Charlotte and Andrew, Middletown, Conn.	10.00
"From S. O. E." New York	10.00
Laura F. Craft, Glen Cove, N. Y.	5.00
"A friend from Denver," Colo.	11.00
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"In His Name," New Haven, Conn.	10.00
Anonymous, Washington, D. C.	5.00
Mrs. Chas. L. Zabriskie, N. Y.	2.00
C. M. Watrous, East Hampton, Conn.	5.00
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Howard L. Goodhart, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.	10.00
Mrs. N. M. McKnight, Rutherford, N. J.	5.00
The Mexico Mines of El Oro, Ltd., Mexico	10.00
Raised by four little children calling themselves "The Secret Vicinity Club," Hampton Bays, N. Y.	6.90
Anonymous, Point Pleasant, N. J.	2.00
"In memory of Billy—A. L. H.," Majestic, Ky.	12.00
Anna M. Igoe, New York	11.00
E. C. Damon, Worcester, Mass.	10.00
Mrs. J. J. Earley, Valley City, N. D.	3.00

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to the first tee
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A short step
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game—a short
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Margaret I. Will, Bismarck, N. D.	5.00
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H. C. R., New York	10.00
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Mrs. Geo. S. Coe, Englewood, N. J.	10.00
Ruth E. Hammond, Muskogee, Okla.	11.00
"L. W. G., Quaker Hill, Conn."	11.00

\$20,679.41

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Precious Stones
Dreicer Settings are
exquisitely designed
to enhance the beauty
of each jewel
560 FIFTH AVENUE
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Acknowledged with Thanks

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following very kind donations.

At the Pottersville Farm:

Three cases Royal Scarlet cornflakes, assorted jams, and pork and beans, from Arthur Williams, New York.

Clothing and shoes from Mrs. Edw. Ried, Lumberton, N. J.; Edw. C. Worden, Milburn, N. J.; B. E. Messler, Montclair, N. J.; Mr. Morecraft, Palisade, N. J.; Campe Mfg. Corp., New York; Mrs. G. R. Buxton, Newport News, Va.; Mr. Alexander, Summit, N. J.; Mrs. F. H. Kennard, Newton Center, Mass.; Anonymous, Cranford, N. J.; Mrs. D. L. Base, Indianapolis; Mrs. R. C. Falconer, Nutley, N. J.; Floyd B. Evans, Chicago; Mrs. E. S. Daddow, St. Clair, Pa.; C. S. Bohme, Orange, N. J.; Mrs. Geo. Hurkart, So. Orange, N. J.; Mrs. G. H. Hanff, Newark, N. J.;

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Full cut blue-white diamond of fine brilliancy set in 18k solid white gold richly carved men's ring. A remarkable value for.... \$200.00

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First, wash and dry the face.

Second, spread MOLLÉ over the beard with the finger tips.

A highly perfected soapless, brushless beard softening cream that gives a shave of incomparable ease, speed and smoothness.

Insures perfect freedom from smart burn or soreness of the face, and makes the use of talcums or lotions unnecessary.

In extra large tubes 50 cents at all drug stores; a generous trial tube prepaid for 10 cents.

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H. F. Broom, Montclair, N. J.; Mrs. W. P. Raine, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. W. A. Hanway, W. Orange, N. J.; Anonymous (white socks, four pairs).

One package of linen and bedspreads from G. W. Walton, Monroe, N. C.

At the Branchville Farm:

Clothing and shoes from Mrs. C. F. Nesler, Cape Porpoise, Me.; Mrs. C. H. Taft, Jr., Boston; Harold F. Mayette, Jr., Berlin, N. H.; Mrs. B. J. Smith, Oakland, Cal.; Mrs. S. H. Collins, Gt. Barrington, Mass.; Mrs. F. L. Gross, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. E. S. Harris, Moylan, Pa.; Ivy C. Richer, Brooklyn; Mrs. J. S. Sinsser, Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Evelyn N. Foote, North Star Mines, Cal.; Thayer, McNeil Co., Boston; Mrs. Barry Mohun, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. D. Frank Hull, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; K. N. Atkins, Hanover, N. H.; Mrs. D. W. Day, San Francisco.

A package of new books from 114 Rogers Ave., Somerville, Mass.

"A ten-dollar treat of candy for two hundred kids," from Mrs. W. W. Hawkins, Pelham, N. Y.

Twelve bathing suits, twelve pairs of socks and twelve pairs of rompers, from the Federal Printing Company, Des Moines, Iowa.

Chanson Triste

POINCARÉ:

*La vie est vaine:
Non plus d'amour,
Beaucoup de haine...
Entrons le Ruhr.*

HERRIOT:

*La vie est brève:
Un peu d'amour,
Non plus de rêve...
Sortons du Ruhr.*



"DO YOUR PARENTS KNOW THAT YOU SMOKE A PIPE?"
"NO; I WANT TO SURPRISE THEM."
—Le Monde Illustré (Paris).

Idyl: New York Subway

I GAZED and gazed....My rush-hour frown

Could not resist her springtime mien;
My beating heart proclaimed her queen;

The car, crammed full, was plunging down

The tubes of time toward goals unseen.

So frail was she, so fair, so young,
A sprite of dreams she seemed to me,
Compact of charm and symmetry;
A jasmine scent about her clung,
A redolence of ecstasy.

The car lurched on....A curve ahead
Tip-tilted it...I could not stay
The bump that brushed my faëry fay;

But she just wanly smiled and said,
"Say, kid, how do you get that way?"

E. L.

The dread Pyorrhea begins with bleeding gums



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or tender and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea. Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infected the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Pyorrhea attacks **four out of five** people who are over forty. And many under that age, also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gums! Use Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. It also scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and clean. Brush your teeth with it.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes
All Druggists

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
FORHAN CO.
800 6th Ave., N. Y.

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at last!

A masculine toilet water

the last touch to shaving—

prevents shine on face

THIS offers a new toilet water for men—an exhilarating after-shaving lotion which brings healthy, ruddy skin. Which prevents infections and harmlessly closes pores.

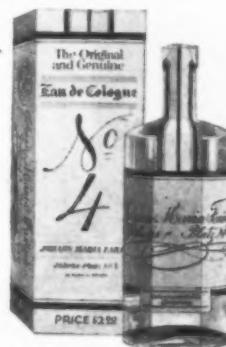
Now know a new cleanliness, a new charm. No more excessive perspiration, no shiny skin. After shaving, it gives a cool, clean feeling—an instant glow of health.

This is essentially a masculine toilet water. Its faint fragrance vanishes almost instantly. Without the suggestion of perfume.

This toilet water is the famous old Eau de Cologne—No. 4, famous since 1709. Available in America again for the first time since 1914. All druggists now have it. Get a bottle today and know a new shaving joy. A freshener that makes the whole day brighter.

In three sizes at druggists
2-oz., 65c; 4-oz., \$1.25; 8-oz., \$2.00

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HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc.
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SERVICE LABORATORIES, INC., CHICAGO
Sole Importers and Distributors for the U. S. A.



Insist on the genuine
in this package

"It Rolls On"

"We were pretty close to the earth, last month," said the Martian reporter suggestively to the Martian scientist.

"So we were, my lad," replied the savant.

"Wouldn't you make a report of your observations to the public?"

The scientist sighed and handed a flimsy to the reporter. "Here it is," he said; "and between you and me, young man, I doubt that it was worth all the good sleep I lost, sitting up late in the observatory."

And this is what the reporter read:
"Prohibition...radio...aeroplanes...bathing girls...murderers...moving pictures...taxicabs...divorce...baseball...bolshevism...bobbed hair...feminism...H. G. Wells...love...golf...jazz...Ku Klux...alienists..."

"But what about suffering humanity?" demanded the reporter. "What about charity and tolerance and universal peace and law and order? What about the lessons that should have come out of their Great War—?"

A gentle snore interrupted the eager questions of the inquiring reporter. The Martian scientist was making up for lost time.

NED: A self-made man, eh? What's remarkable about him?

TED: He doesn't know it.

"GO CLARK'S WAY" SOUTH AMERICA

A delightful tour, with small select group membership, will leave New York, January 22nd. Shorter Tours leave Feb. 5 and 14. Reservations limited. Apply now

CLARK'S TOURS

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A poise, a certain nonchalant assurance, marks the man who is at home in high places. Oshkosh Luggage, too, has an air, an assurance, that attests its accustomed position in exclusive circles.

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SOUTH AMERICA. Small party leaves Jan. 22

Please specify program desired.

CLARK'S TOURS

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HANDS UP!

Protect yourself against hold-up, rowdies, etc. with this clever cigarette case of light weight metal. Looks exactly like the real thing! Pull the trigger, back flies the lid showing your cigarettes. Lots of fun scaring your friends, and a great protector. Sold exclusively by us. **PAY POST-MAN \$1.75 on delivery plus postage.** Money back if not satisfied. **PATFINDER CO., Dep. 1166 634 Sixth Ave., N.Y.**

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

His Own Petard

A DISTINGUISHED old English clergyman had received tickets for the opera from a kindly parishioner.

Finding that he was unable to go, he called up some good friends and said: "An unfortunate dinner engagement keeps me from attending the opera to-night; could you use the tickets?"

"We should be so glad to, dear sir," was the reply, "but we are your unfortunate hosts."

ANY father who really wants to know what his daughter looks like, now that she has grown up, can find out easily enough by getting up a little earlier some morning and meeting her as she comes in.

POLITICS makes strange bedfellows and even stranger boom companions.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 20)

regard with composure the viands that were served us, albeit Katie had done her best. Nor was my state of mind holpen through having to cater conversationally to Lucy; but the poor wretch's heart trouble has reached a point where it is dangerous to disagree even slightly with her on any matter soever, and I never talk with her without fearing some chance remark of mine may cause her to pitch over dead. ...Weighing myself this night, I find that I have lost the fifteen pounds I set out to lose, for which I thank God.

September 18th

Awake early with a great start, having dreamed that I had been to a barber who shingled my hair, and somewhat sorry to find I had not, because Sam could not blame me for the events of a dream. I do believe I am the only white woman in captivity who has neither cut off her hair nor seen Abie's Irish Rose...My husband at home all this day, mulling about and asking me the foolish questions that ever I heard in my life, amongst them what I should do if Marge Boothby asked me to let her wear my new sabres before I had worn them myself, and what my immediate reaction would be upon picking up a bridge hand containing thirteen spades. So I called his attention to the fact that I was reading in the effort to improve my mind, whereupon he quoth, That's right. Keep abreast. You never know when somebody's going to step up and ask you how to pronounce Huysmans. ...To the Ordways' in the evening, finding a great company there, and in a discussion of abstraction only one or two held out that virtue was a sufficient reward in itself, probably causing John Dryden to turn in his grave.

Baird Leonard.

For Tough Beards or Tender Skins

YOU will find delightful relief and comfort in a jar of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream. It rapidly softens the toughest beard, but more than that—it prevents all shaving irritation. Its exclusive properties soothe and cool the skin and actually heal troublesome little cuts. It leaves your skin with a soft, cool lotion effect. If your druggist cannot supply you send 50c for the jar that contains six months of shaving comfort.

Or send 2c stamp for sample.

Made particularly for a tender skin

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
638 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.
Also Windsor, Ont.



Step This Way!

ONCE you have got the hang of it, finding your way about a Department Store is a pretty fairly simple thing. All you have to remember is that my first is a small, fur-bearing animal from Patagonia, and my fourth is a five-letter word meaning "the lower mandible of a species of grasshopper," and my whole reading upper left to lower right spells the name of a popular presidential candidate. With this system clearly in mind, and a slight working knowledge of trigonometry, the arrangement of the departments in the average Shopping Emporium is like an open book to you, written in archaic Greek.

This was brought home to me (along with my hat and cane and eyeglasses and other articles which were found after the body was removed) when I went downtown yesterday for a waffle iron.

After consulting the chart outside the door, the floorwalker, and an elevator boy, I learned that waffle irons were usually kept either on the third floor or the seventh floor, probably the ninth, and were either in the front or the rear of the building. This gave me all the breaks to start with.

I told the clerk at the Kitchen Ware Department on the fifth that I wanted a waffle iron. He shook his head and smiled.

"You'll find *those* in the Iron Ware Department on the second," he said.

I tried the second. I asked for a woffen irol, I mean a waffle iron.

"Sorry, these are only the electrics. The gas waffle irons are up on the sixth."

The sixth was more encouraging.

"There's a special sale on waffle irons," he said. "You can find them in the basement."

"Have you a wiron offle," I asked the basement, "iron waffle, that is, a waffle iron?"

"Isn't that funny!" grinned the clerk. "We just this minute sold our last one!"

We had a great laugh over it together. In the course of it I even got a little hysterical, and tried to bite his leg. Somehow they got me to the Manager, up on the tenth.

"I want—" I began.

"Sorry," he apologized, "but we don't handle waffle irons in this store. You might try next door, but—here, good Lord, man!—somebody, I say, a little water—"

C. F.

Laughterless

A NEW YORK UNIVERSITY professor says the time is coming when there will not be a single genuine laugh in the world. He probably bases his opinion on the net daily average increase of comic strips.

AN EXTRA MEASURE OF SERVICE

PERSONALITY

PERSONALITY is as definite in an organization as in an individual and it may be more pronounced and interesting. But in this institution it is not the composite of the personalities of the members of the organization. It is much more than that—a fusing of these personalities into an harmonious whole under the influence of forces from without as well as within.

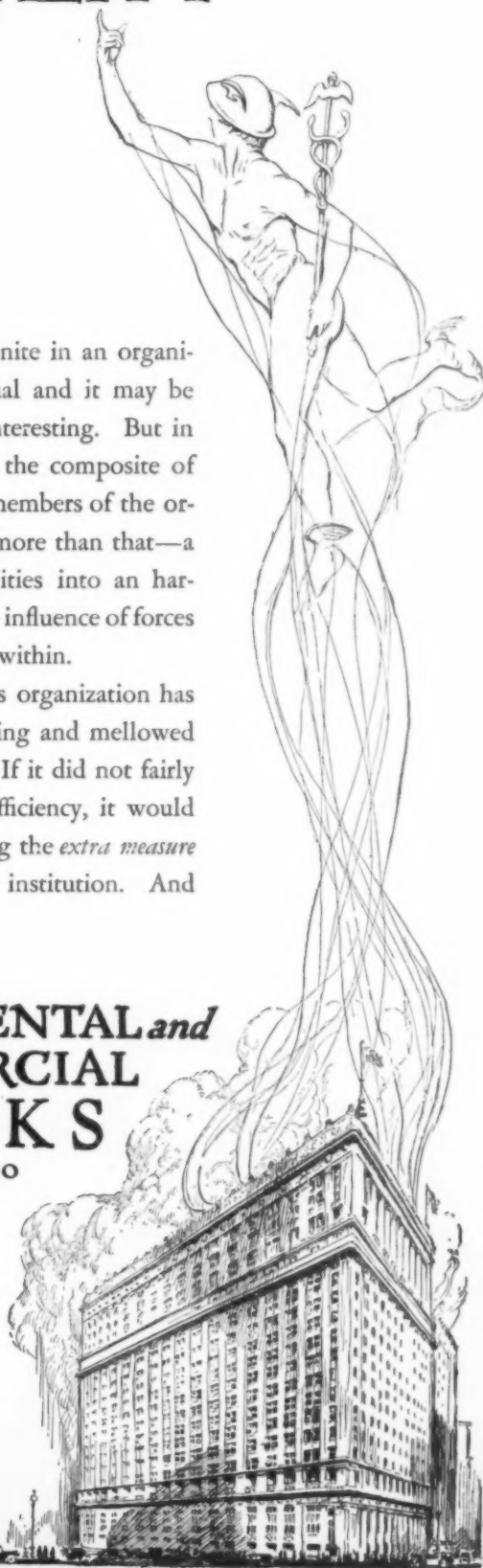
The personality of this organization has been developed by training and mellowed by time and experience. If it did not fairly contribute to banking efficiency, it would have no part in delivering the *extra measure of service* normal to this institution. And it does that.

The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL BANKS

CHICAGO

RESOURCES
MORE THAN
500 MILLIONS

INVESTED CAPITAL
OVER 55 MILLIONS



Shave every day—be comfortable

COLGATE'S

softens the beard at the base



Many six-day races have settled nothing permanently since Captivating Clarence learned to climb up along the curved spine of a bicycle that enabled him to look into second-story windows.

As a member of the Cocklebur Century Club, he wore a uniform that made him look like a Royal Fusileer all primed and ready to fusil. The only shooting he did, however, was that which occurred when he shot over his handle-bars. He alleged that his whiskers helped him to maintain his balance, and minimized the severity of the impact when he took a header; but those were not the actual reasons why matted growths dangled from his cheeks.

Large Tube
35¢

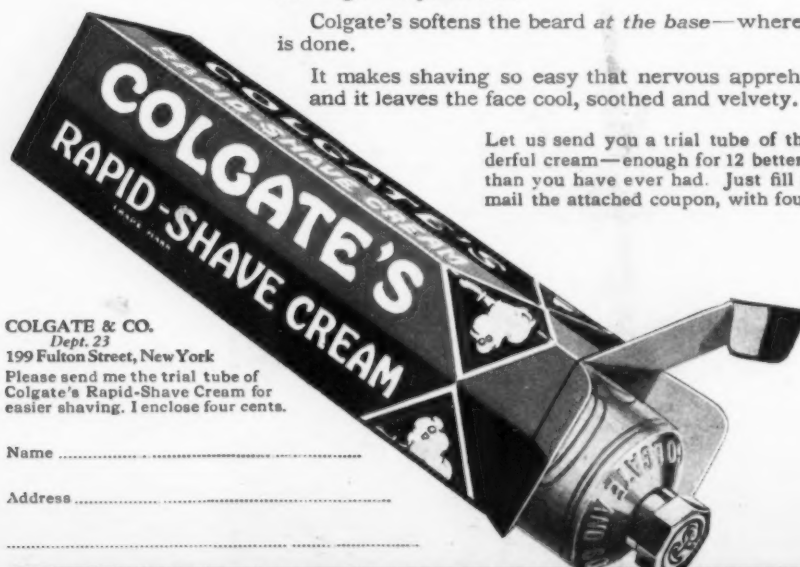
Shaving, in his day, was tedious and painful. By operating only upon a small part of his face he saved time and reduced nerve shock.

If he could have lathered with Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream he would have had no reason for limited shaving, or for misgivings concerning his equilibrium.

Colgate's softens the beard *at the base*—where the razor's work is done.

It makes shaving so easy that nervous apprehension disappears, and it leaves the face cool, soothed and velvety.

Let us send you a trial tube of this wonderful cream—enough for 12 better shaves than you have ever had. Just fill out and mail the attached coupon, with four cents.



COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 23
199 Fulton Street, New York
Please send me the trial tube of
Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for
easier shaving. I enclose four cents.

Name

Address



This diagrammatic magnified cross-section shows how the close, moist lather made by Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream goes to the base of each hair. The oily coating upon the hair is quickly emulsified, and the hair is softened at the base, where it meets the edge of the razor.

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture

MINNEAPOLIS MINN